

VOTE
THE RUHLEBEN
BYE-ELECTION

FOR
COHEN
AND
LIBERTY

CASTANG
WILL
WILL
BECAUSE
TO THE
SEESE
WE WANT
MEN

BOSS
CASTANG
AND THE
GIRLS

TRUTH
HONOUR
JUSTICE FOR
VOTE

COHEN
RIGHTS

CONCENTRATION CAMP
FOR BRITISH CIVILIAN
PRISONERS OF WAR.

RUHLEBEN - JULY 1915.



The RUHLEBEN BYE-ELECTION

A lonely sandy waste, 13 longitude, 53 latitude, infested by a number of four-footed beasts, which, at certain times during the year were led forth to a circular road (around which several staircase-looking erections had been put up) and there mounted by a biped of small stature and driven, at lightning speed round and round this enclosure, — marked the scene of this description of the rise (and we hope — speedy fall) of the subject of our history. The structures, in the shape of wide staircases, were crowded with people at the time these beasts were driven round the circle, many coming to this fateful spot with richly-lined purses but leaving it downcast and down in the pocket; even up to the present day, a short stay there results in the same state of things.

As time went on, and civilisation sank to such a depth that the main object of living was to destroy, and the chief aim of existence lay in murder and slaughter, these periodical times of excitement grew less frequent and finally ceased altogether. Then a strange thing happened — a number of human beings arrived, dressed in grey, with shiny hats and sticks which could spit fire at the will of the owner. They started counting and arranging the abode of the four-footed beasts, commonly known in modern times as horses or nags. Shortly after, a few lanky, unshaven, forlorn-looking individuals appeared at the gates of this enclosure and begged (!) for admission, which was readily granted. And thus the peaceful little settlement termed Restlife — because the newcomers expected to remain in this delightful spot for the rest of their lives — originated.

It was not long before other long, forlorn-looking creatures entered. Indeed, as late as September of the year anno domini 1914 it was quite a frequent occurrence that numbers would arrive daily and joined those already there in the erection and enlargement of their new homes. There were foreign elements among them, but these gradually grew tired of the lanky ones and moved on to seek other places of peace and quiet, away from the murderous scenes of civilisation. Days and weeks rolled on, and the month of November, with its cheerless and foggy days broke upon the villagers of Restlife. They were to experience a wonderful miracle in the first week of this month, for had not several thousand of these lanky ones heard of this

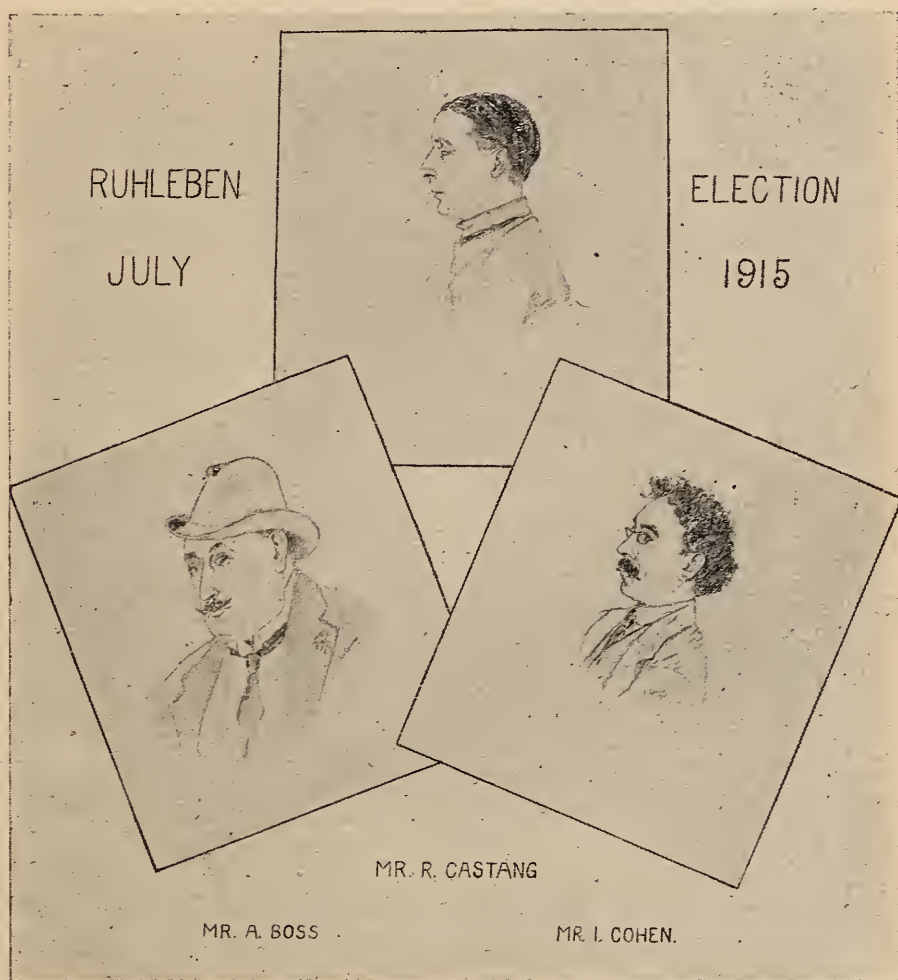
thriving and prosperous village and decided to throw in their lot with the present citizens? Never do the hospitable beings dressed in grey with shiny hats refuse anyone admittance to the locality, object though very strongly to the emigration of the villagers. The newcomers made themselves at home and the numbers increased daily. And now the village really did begin to prosper; for had not the new arrivals brought all their trade and handicrafts, their learned ones, their musicians, their actors, their societies and their chiefs with them! Lo, a mighty desire for organisation and committees pervaded the whole village and the chiefs assumed command, tied white bands round their arms and went forth to conquer and issue decrees to all the inhabitants of this great and famous district. Indeed, so famous did these wonderful people grow, that news of their skill and might was noised abroad throughout the length and breadth of the world, even unto the mighty continent of America, which sent forth an Ambassador to oversee the interests and rights of these villagers. In the first month of the year, one thousand nine hundred and fifteen a number of men from all quarters of the earth, who had heard of this remarkable place, termed Colonials journeyed far to take up dwelling in the village.

The inhabitants took delight in filling up the puddles in their village, in opening shops in a yard they called Bond Street, in building up a stage in a cold place under the staircase-looking erection where people would appear nearly every evening before a large crowd of villagers and play the fool, or talk nonsense. They loved forming societies, electing committees and disbanding them again directly afterwards, building wooden huts — if they had plenty of money — trying to play pretty tunes to please one another. They even approached the chief one of the grey beings with the shiny hats and stated, as they were living where the horses used to live, couldn't they run round the circular road where these beasts used to race. After some time, they grey men allowed them to have half of the circle and the villagers used to frolic on this place all day.

It must also be stated that there were no females among the citizens and most of them employed their time knocking a ball around with a bit of a stick or other harmless amusements. Food was given them by the men in grey, and by people who used to be their friends and relations across the waters, who also supplied them with money. The most important beings however — or those who thought themselves most important — were the so-called chiefs or captains. The villagers held these great men in awe and durst do nothing they forbade.

But why continue the account of this prosperous townlet, when we are all sufficiently acquainted with its charms. Suffice

it to say that the life, as described above, after a long period of varied and multifarious experiences, despite the improvements in the village, the local gossip termed "Rumours" and other remarkable incidents, scarcely satisfied the longings of the villagers for more exciting times, and so one of the many thousand Societies in the place, termed the "Debating" owing to its desire to bait unfortunate individuals on to a platform, to gas



and relieve their pent up feelings — much to the suffering of the listeners — by giving vent to long-winded speeches, decided it necessary for a parliament to be formed to represent the people — in what way, we would rather not say. But three members were proposed, a Mr. Cohen to stand for the Liberals in the village — that is, those who desire to give their goods away and be liberal with their means; a Mr. Boss, who stood for the Conservatives, those are the people who have estates in Surrey and drink champagne; and then a Mr. Castang —



he represented the girls, a kind of female being that hid not exist in the village, but for whom the worthy inhabitants, strange to say, felt a peculiar longing. After many long speeches, a great deal of noise and terrible deprecations thrown at one another by the candidates, the time came when the villagers should decide whether they would rather have an estate in Surrey with champagne, beer to give away, or girls and — er — nothing else. Every available space was used for posting up weird-looking posters, teeming with red, blue and violet paint, many stated in flaming letters that wonderful things were in store for the villagers, who worked themselves into such

a pitch of ecstasy, that when one of the candidates appeared before them, they would yell and shout and chant a humdrum kind of song: Of course, this state of affairs could not exist in modern times, now that civilisation has permeated the earth and men have grown wise, but such were conditions at that period of this world's history.

After this confusion and excitement had lasted for many days the time had come for the villagers to decide which of the three they wanted as their representative. A number of tin boxes with holes cut in the top were placed on a table and those who wanted to vote, advanced, made a cross on a slip of paper opposite the name of the one they wished to vote for, and dropped this slip into the box. The crosses were counted, and lo and behold! — nearly all the villagers had chosen the man representing the girls — why, we really cannot imagine!!!

Now, in conclusion, it might be stated that although we voted for our sweethearts and wives, nothing further has taken place. The honourable member, Mr. R. Castang, may represent them, but there it ends; we see neither girls nor women, and what all the villagers are now agitating for is that our representative take steps at once towards securing for us the most coveted of all things — our wives and sweethearts — in being rather than in representation.

L. S.



of Borough Rahlleben

Parliamentary Bye- Election 1915

TOWN HALL,
JULY 20th 1915.

To the Burgesses and Ratepayers of Rahlleben!

Whereas the Burgesses of the ancient and honourable Borough of Rahlleben, by virtue of their members and their importance, both jointly and severally, are fully worthy and entitled by right, law and tradition, to be represented in the House of Commons, where their views, opinions and interests should receive meet and suitable expression,

And whereas a vacancy for the Parliamentary Representation of the aforementioned Borough has been and is hereby declared, in accordance with the laws, usages and customs of the Realm, be it hereby known that three most trusty liege subjects, to wit:

Alexand Boss, Esq. Gentleman, Mildmay Park, Surrey,
Israel Cohen, Esquire, Fulford, Manchester, and
Reuben Castang, Esquire, Artist, London,

have been duly and properly named and nominated as Candidates for the said representation of this ancient and honourable Borough.

Further, and in consequence thereof be it known, first, that I hereby declare and order that the three aforesaid Candidates do present themselves in person at a meeting of the Burgesses of the renowned Borough in Rahlleben Town Hall on Tuesday evening July 27th, 1915, at half past Seven of the clock, where they shall, with all due form and ceremony, unfold and expound their respective Programmes and Policies; secondly, that from the morning of Wednesday, July 28th, until half past nine on the night of Monday, August 2nd, the said Candidates should use, employ and exercise all lawful means and methods within their power (subject to the bye-laws, provisions, and limitations of the Parliamentary Act, i.e. in, sect II, cap. XXXIV, s. 1 and 2 and subject likewise to the bye-laws and regulations in force in the Borough) to procure, secure, obtain and retain the support and suffrages of their fellow-Burgesses; and thirdly and lastly, that the Polling shall take place on Tuesday, August 3rd, 1915, from Eight in the forenoon until Two in the afternoon. - Given under my Hand and Seal on this Twentieth day of July, in the year of our Lord MDCCCCXV.



Walter Rattner

Mayor

THE STORY OF THE ELECTION.

LIKE all great ideas, the idea of having a Parliamentary Bye-Election in the Ruhleben Camp came in a flash. It was conceived by the Committee of the Ruhleben Debating Society, which has displayed so much energy and ingenuity in securing the public discussion of many important and unimportant questions which we have plenty of time here to meditate upon. Bold and impracticable as the idea first seemed it was found to be capable of realisation as soon as it was carefully examined, and those who were at first sceptical about it, gradually became most enthusiastic. Why should not the British inhabitants of Ruhleben have a Member of Parliament of their own? In numbers they formed a Borough which was at least equal to many of the Boroughs in the British Isles; and, as far as the personal importance of many of the inhabitants was concerned, they certainly embodied a sum of influence, intelligence, and public spirit, fully deserving of Parliamentary recognition. And why should the slight difficulty of the transport of the member to the House be considered? We have enough troubles here, without considering such minor questions. It was, of course, argued by the sceptical spirits, that the candidates would have nothing to speak about, since they could not say anything about that which interested us most. But when were parliamentary candidates ever in difficulty as to what they should say in order to get elected? It was, therefore, felt, that in Ruhleben too there would be no lack of topics or questions of the day upon



The first intimation that the general public had of the projected Election was in the form of a big proclamation, which set forth with all due circumstance and circumlocution the nature of the forthcoming campaign. The proclamation, attractively written in Gothic characters, crowned by the Ruhleben coat of arms, and adorned at the base by an imposing red seal, attracted eager crowds from early morn until late at night, and soon the inhabitants of the entire Borough, throwing all rumours to the wind (where they belong) devoted their conversation to the coming Election. In boxes and in lofts, in the hot-water line, the parcel line, in the theatre and on the cricket-ground, the one dominating theme, overshadowing all speculations about an early release, was the Election. Particular amusement was aroused by the Coat of Arms, designed by Mr. Molyneaux, which embodied all the symbols and tokens of Ruhleben life: quarterings, dinner-bowl, black loaf, sausage and clog; supporters, a rat and a mouse; motto: "Dum spiro spero" (Whilst I breathe I hope), and as the crown and summit of all, the familiar British check cap.

The next stage in the preparation was the conversion of the two boiler-houses into Committee-rooms. Mr. Cohen and his agent, Mr. Dannhorn, took possession of the boiler-house between Barracks 3 and 4, and affixed on the outside such a large notice "Liberal Committee Room" (only the initials in red ink, as the poor artist had run out of this colour) that all who passed stared and rubbed their eyes. As a protest against this, some inmates of the loft of Barrack 3, who held select card-parties under the adjoining shed and feared that their thoughts might be disturbed,



THE LIBERAL CANDIDATE AND HIS SUPPORTERS.

promptly chalked on the front of the shed: "Independent Labour Party". But a wag inserted the little word "of" between "Independent" and "Labour" and thus correctly summed up the real character of this party. Mr. Boss and his agent, Mr. Briggs, took possession of the other available boiler-house, behind Barrack 7, and lost no time in adorning it with a large inscription; "Conservative Committee-Room". As these boiler-houses had never been



designed by the architect for use as political committee-rooms, and were filled with a lot of miscellaneous rubbish, both agents had literally to perform some spade-work before the rooms became fit for the important literary and artistic activity that was going to take place within their walls during the next eight days. The Liberal agent also adorned his committee-room with two red flags fixed above the roof, so that all the followers of the Liberal cause might see the familiar standard from afar and hasten to give their aid. But as it was feared that the bulls in an adjoining field might shy, it was decided to haul the standard down and cut up the cloth into button-hole favours. The woman Suffrage agent, Mr. Pearce, was not satisfied with the dilapidated shed near Barrack 4, which fell to him as Committee-room as the result of the toss, and, after vainly trying to secure the Casino and Captains' Office, gratefully accepted the loan of the Phoenix Club, that cosy retreat with green palings between Barracks 5 and 6.

The formal adoption of the candidates took place at a crowded meeting in the Town Hall on Tuesday evening, July 27. Although the proceedings were not to begin until eight o'clock, all the parts of the Hall were already occupied at a quarter past seven, and even the most assiduous patrons of the Tuesday Promenade Concerts forewent half of the programme in order to secure a good seat. The platform, draped with red curtains, was occupied by three candidates, their supporters, who were so numerous even before a single speech had been delivered that they literally covered the whole area of the enlarged stage. Each candidate was flanked and backed by his respective party-men, so that there was little chance of the antagonists coming into personal contact with one another. Mr. Boss, on the right, never looked so aristocratic in

FRESH from BOSS'

Estate in Surrey.

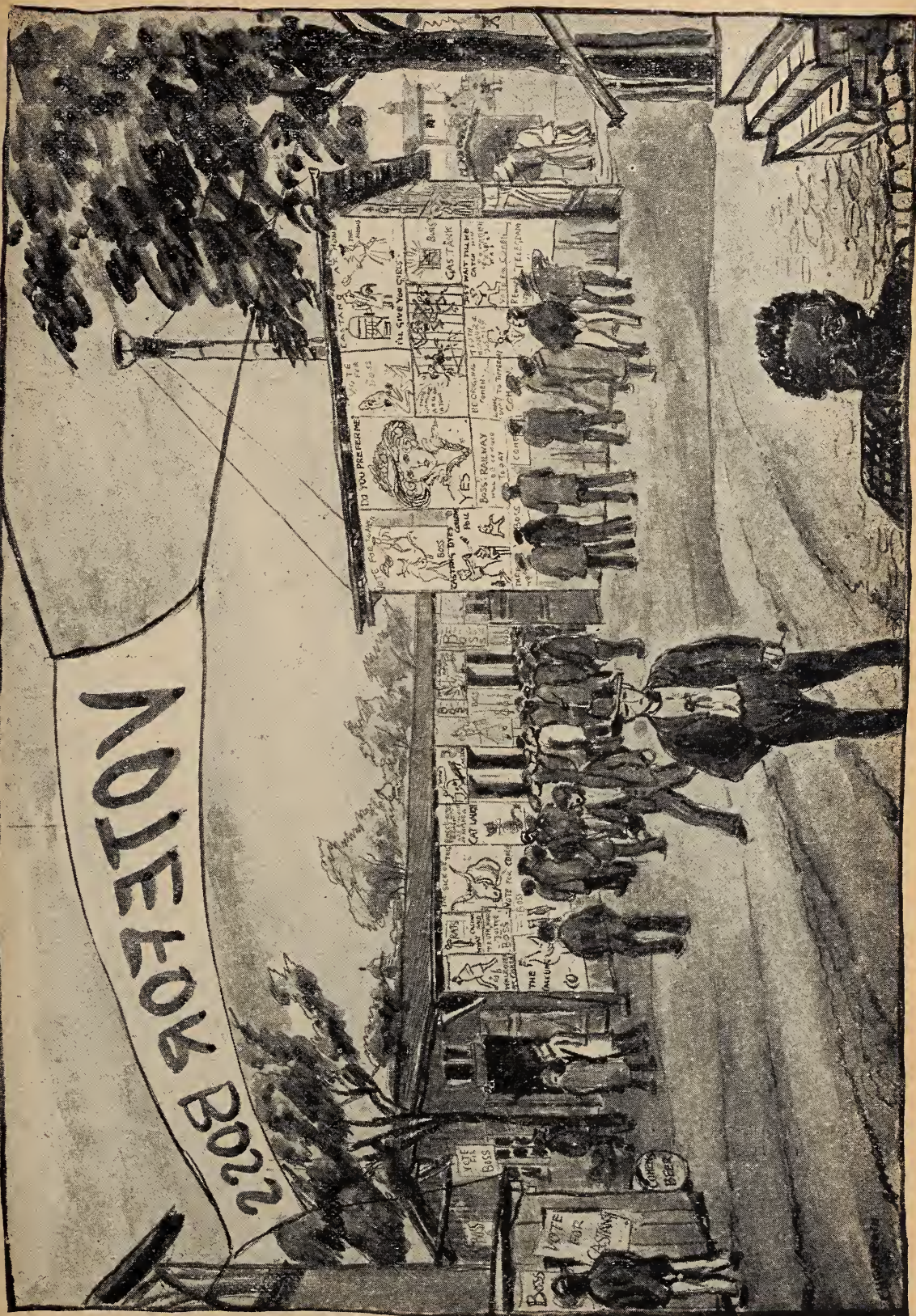
VOTE FOR THE MAN.

his life as he did on that momentous evening. His burly and dominating figure made him look like a veritable lord of the land; his moustache had been waxed by his favourite hair-dresser into a couple of needle-points, calculated to kill both rivals; the fold of his blue tie covered his expansive breast; whilst through his monocle he gazed in a patronising and self-assured air upon the serried throng below. Mr. Boss and his chief supporters, had adorned their button-holes with blue ribbon, to which was attached a blue oval disk with the legend: "Vote for Boss".

On the left sat the Suffrage Candidate, attended and exhorted by both male and female supporters. Although it was known that Mr. Castang was the candidate, the appearance that he presented

on this evening deceived even some of his most intimate friends, for his upper lip, which is usually as clean shaved as a priest's, was hidden by a monstrous drooping black moustache, and the tip of his nose was suggestive of strawberries in season. He was encircled by a galaxy, or rather group of suffragettes, whose hats, frocks, and faces were calculated to spoil his chances irredeemably. But the inhabitants of Ruhleben, having been cut off from all feminine intercourse for nearly a year, were actually charmed by these suffragette dowdies; and when one of them, who used an ear-trumpet to catch the gems of wit from the lips of the Women's Candidate, skittishly lifted her frock and showed a muscular calf encased in an open-work stocking, some giggling youths grew violently excited and threw her a kiss. As it had been rumoured that the suffragettes were to be arrested on a charge of husband-desertion and might be removed by the police from the platform in the middle of the proceedings, Mr. Castang had had them securely tied to their chairs and also to the iron columns supporting the roof, in order that he should not be deprived of their inspiring presence. Thus secure against all interference, the suffragettes uttered their war-cry "Votes for Women", ever now and again to the delight of the





BOROUGH OF RUHLEBEN

ooo

Parliamentary Election
Tuesday, Aug. 3rd, 1915.

ooo

**ABSENCE MAKES THE
HEART GROW FONDER!**

CASTANG represents:

England, Home & Beauty.

When voting, remember the dear girls who send the parcels, show them we still love and remember them, by

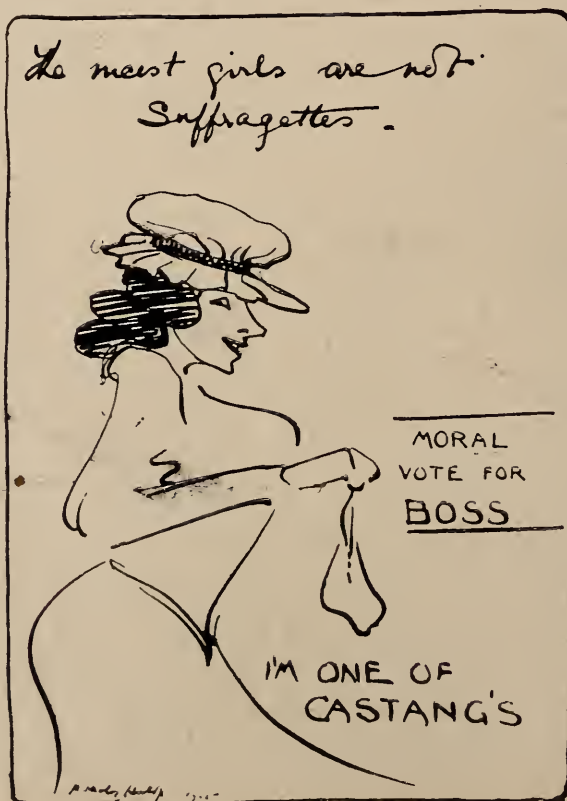
**VOTING FOR CASTANG,
No. 3 on the Ballot-Card.**

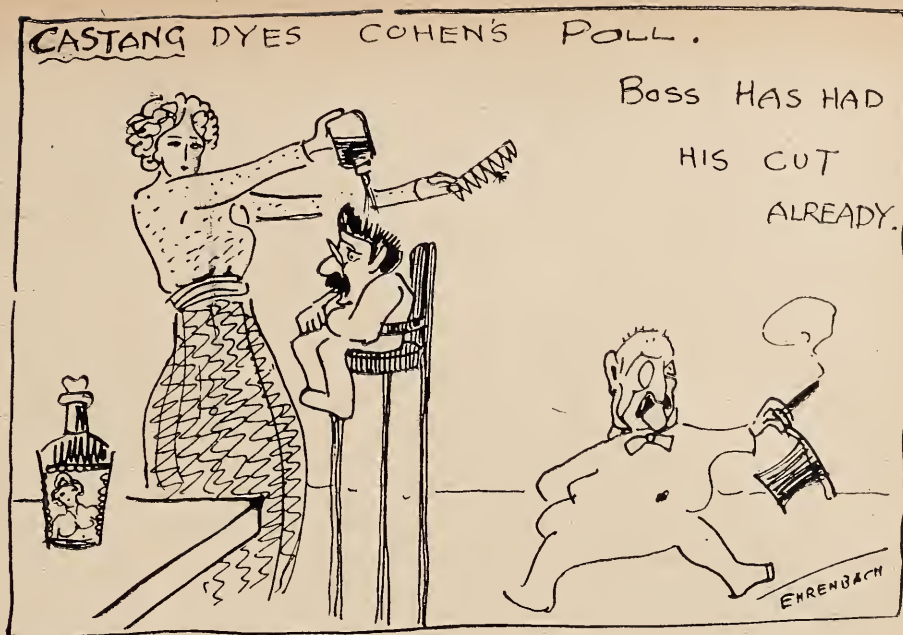
"The Last Shall Be First!"

Punctually, at the stroke of eight, the dapper figure of the Mayor of Ruhleben, clad in a black robe edged with red muslin, and proudly wearing a chain of office (we don't know which office it belonged to), stepped with dignified yet gracious mien upon the platform, and the whole meeting accorded him a cordial ovation. Mr. Butterworth, with his broad Lancashire humour made a suitable speech in his best style, in which he called attention to the flourishing state of arts and sciences, of manufacture and commerce,

youths who kept their eyes glued on the ladies' ankles.

After the audience had become accustomed to this strange scene Mr. Cohen, his hair curled up to the occasion, and his supporters appeared on the platform, and was greeted with an outburst of cheering. The Liberal Candidate, who was attired in a khaki suit (and thus manifested his concern for the greatness of the Empire), came rather late owing to the time and trouble that he spent upon the folding of his red and silk tie, which formed the brightest note of colour on the platform. He and his supporters also wore red rosettes and smiling faces, and took up a position between the two other candidates.





within the confines of the Borough, and more especially to the "lofty" development of the local University, and argued, with unerring logic and Cobden-like eloquence, that it was only right and proper that the people who had suffered for their country for so many months and displayed such deeds of heroism every dinner-time, should at last be rewarded by having a representative of their own in the House of Commons, who would voice their wishes and advocate their interests. ("Hear, hear!" and "Votes for women!")

The Mayor then decided that lots should be drawn to determine the order in which the candidates and their respective supporters should address the meeting. By a strange stroke of fate the order turned out to be exactly the same as that indicated on the preliminary Proclamation. First, Mr. Tom Sullivan rose to introduce Mr. Boss, naturally amid loud applause. Mr. Sullivan said it afforded him great pleasure to discharge such an important and agreeable duty as he had known Mr. Boss for the last 40 years. This was a slight exaggeration as the two worthy gentlemen had made the acquaintance of each other only last winter. Mr. Sullivan then described Mr. Boss's estate in Surrey, which had an area of 12,000 acres, and which was famous throughout the British Isles for the perfection of its cultivation. At this stage the sceptical spirits broke forth into that well-known refrain:

"There was a cow, climbed up a tree,
O you blooming liar!" —

which was to be sung and shouted repeatedly during almost all the speeches delivered throughout the ensuing campaign. After



the chorus had died down Mr. Sullivan paid a further tribute to Mr. Boss's excellence in all kinds of sports, such as racing, boxing, hurdle-jumping, skittles and dominoes, and called upon the electors to assist him in securing the return of Mr. Boss at the head of the poll.

Mr. Boss, who made the platform tremble under his feet and was nevertheless received with an outburst of cheering, assured the electors that it would be his earnest aim and endeavour to further their interests in

every possible manner. Although naturally modest he considered himself the right man to be returned to the House of Commons, as he was sure that he could bring about many necessary reforms for the improvement of conditions of life in this Borough. Having inherited from his father some 2 millions in cash, an estate and securities, he felt that they would agree with him that he could not spend his fortune in any better way than in making of Ruhlleben a model Borough (Hear, hear). He was President of most of the philanthropic institutions in the Borough, such as hospitals, mothers' home, high schools, &c., and had built at his own expense almshouses and other benevolent establishments (Again the refrain, "There was a cow, &c."). He would call attention in Parliament to the excessive taxes on beers and spirits, tobacco and tea, and would try to have these reduced as he considered these commodities necessities for the working man; and to compensate for the loss of revenue he would suggest that a tax be placed on mineral waters. He was entirely in sympathy with a business Government, and believed that the right man in the right place should hold the most important Government posts. He also thought that a tax should be imposed upon married men, as the State had for years spent vast sums of money upon the education of the children of these married men (a Voice: "And unmarried

ELECTION SONGS

No. 1.

"There was a cow..."

There was a cow, Climbed up a tree

Piano *mf*

The musical score for 'There was a cow...' is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal line consists of three measures: 'There' (quarter rest, quarter note), 'was a cow, Climbed' (quarter note, eighth note, quarter note, eighth note), and 'up a tree' (quarter note, eighth note, quarter note, eighth note). The piano accompaniment is in treble and bass clefs. The right hand starts with a quarter rest, then plays a series of chords and single notes corresponding to the lyrics. The left hand plays a simple bass line with quarter notes and rests. The dynamic marking is *mf*.

Oh! You bloom-ing li-ar

cresc.

The musical score for 'Oh! You bloom-ing li-ar' is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal line consists of two measures: 'Oh! You bloom-ing' (quarter note, quarter note, quarter note) and 'li-ar' (half note). The piano accompaniment is in treble and bass clefs. The right hand plays chords and single notes. The left hand plays a bass line. The dynamic marking is *cresc.*.

No. 2.

"Sit down..."

Sit down, Sit down Sit down Sit down

Piano *f*

The musical score for 'Sit down...' is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal line consists of four measures: 'Sit down, Sit' (quarter note, quarter note, quarter note), 'down' (half note), 'Sit down Sit' (quarter note, quarter note, quarter note), and 'down' (half note). The piano accompaniment is in treble and bass clefs. The right hand plays chords and single notes. The left hand plays a bass line. The dynamic marking is *f*.

as the Liberal Candidate as he was an exceedingly busy man and he feared that his revenue might not be equal to the countless demands that might be made upon it. But as he had been urged by the local Liberal Association, as well as by a number of important representative societies, such as the Clog Repairers' Union, the Amalgamated Association of Hair-Dressers, the Casino Vintners' League, the Band of Hope for Discharged Actresses, the Sock-Darners Trade Union, &c., &c., to stand in the Liberal interest as a man of the people, he had decided to make a pleasure of duty and confidently expected that the electors, being men of intelligence, would, without much persuasion, return him at the head of the poll. As an author he had made a profound study of social problems in all parts of the world, and he had come to the conclusion that a four-hours day was quite sufficient to supply the country with all it needed. That would do away with all unemployment, as labour would thus be provided for double the number (Cheers). He also thought that old age pensions were given much too late: they ought to be granted at least at 40 years of age, when men were supposed to be too old for work; and it





would thus be possible for everybody really to enjoy the pension, and perhaps to marry on it (Laughter and cheers). One of the great mainstays of British social life, as they all knew, was beer. He proposed that the manufacture and supply of this important beverage should be municipalised, and conveyed into every home by a tap, just like water. The price would thus be reduced so considerably as practically to amount to nothing. (Cries of "Free Beer!" "Hear, hear.") Continuing,

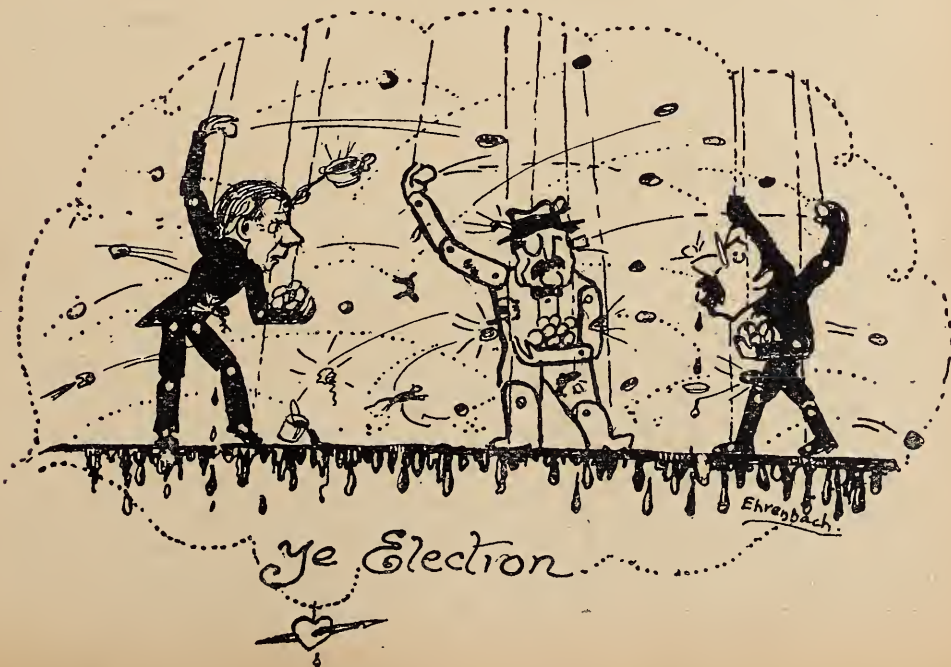
Mr. Cohen said that he could not now outline all his proposals, but would content himself by referring to the question of compensation. If returned to the House of Commons he would plead for an allowance of £1000 per annum for each of them, which would about cover the average loss sustained by most of the inhabitants in the Borough. (Loud Cheers.)

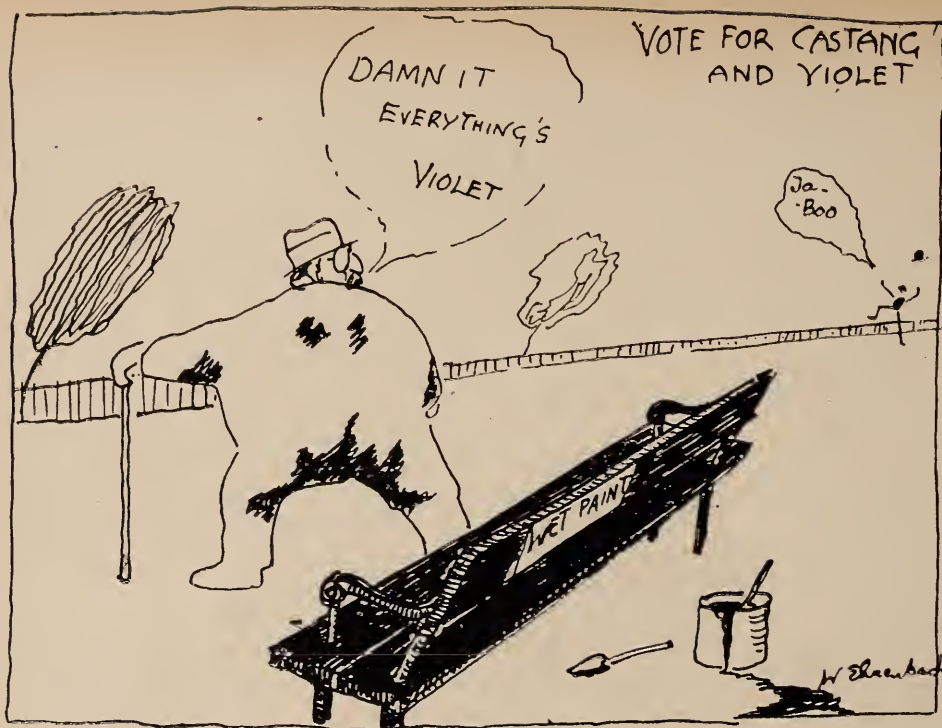
The gentleman who introduced the Woman Suffrage Candidate was that famous footballer, Mr. Fred Pentland, who had never been suspected of a leaning for politics, least of all, for feminine politics. Mr. Pentland said that he had known Mr. Castang even since he was in baby-frocks; that Mr. Castang had always taken a deep interest in the women (A Suffragette: "Hear, hear!"), and that no more fitting person could be discovered to represent that women-less electorate. Mr. Castang, he added, was the All-England Champion at tiddley-winks, and they could therefore be quite confident of his qualifications for Parliament.

Mr. Castang, whose courtly bow to the meeting aroused much merriment, said that it was now for the electors of Ruhleben, after being deprived of the company of women for 9 months, to show whether they wanted women or not. It was an opportunity they ought not to miss — to show that they wanted their mothers, wives, and sweet-hearts with them here (A Voice: "How many sweet-hearts do you want?"). Thanks to Mr. Roker's produc-



tion of "Don't Laugh", he had had an opportunity of seeing how they enjoyed women's company. Although they were not real women they were the best imitation that they could give them ("Hear, hear"). Surely they must recognise the great part that women played in their lives. They nursed us when we were sick, comforted us when we were downhearted. No household was complete without them. No play could even be a success without at least one or a dozen or more representatives of the fair sex. He promised them nothing if they returned him to the House of Commons ("Oh!") — but they would get something. What that something would be, they must wait and see, as Asquith said. They wanted women. They knew they did. It was therefore up to them to return him at the head of the poll, so that he might get them the object of their desire (A youth: "Oh, Gertie!"). Mr. Castang poured gentle ridicule upon the promises





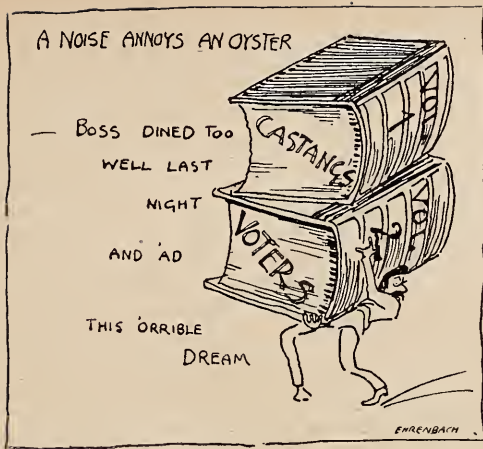
of the Liberal and Conservative Candidates, and said: Of what value would all those promises be without woman, lovely woman (Several voices: "We want women!" Counter-cries of "We want beer!"). If he was returned, they would get women, and plenty of them; so he urged all the boys to sport violet ribbons, to get their friends to do likewise, and to leave the rest to him (Loud cheers).

The three official candidates having been adopted with acclamation, the Mayor declared that it was open to the meeting to propose an independent candidate, if one were desired. After much hesitation a ship's stoker in shirt-sleeves got on to the platform and proposed Mr. Hendriksen as the candidate of the sailors, who represented such a large section of the Borough. Mr. Hen-

**LONGER CANTEEN HOURS,
but NOBODY TO WORK MORE THAN
FOUR HOURS A DAY.**

More Hands. Less Work. More Pay.

Vote for Cohen.



driksen, who was fished out of the audience on to the stage, blushingly said that he would rather not stand, and he preferred to give his support to Mr. Cohen, whereupon a supporter of the Liberal Candidate gallantly transferred his red rosette to the modest sailor. The Mayor renewed his invitation for an independent candidate whereupon Mr. Eglington proposed Mr. Delbosq as a Socialist Candidate. Mr. Delbosq, who is

much more amusing as a variety-artist than as a political speaker, argued that everybody in the Camp should share all he had — parcels, Casino-passes, seventy-two hours, &c. — with everybody else; but this programme presented such an unpleasant prospect that when the Mayor asked for a show of hands, there was a very small minority in favour of Mr. Delbosq's candidature, and consequently this fell through. The evening still being young one more speech was delivered on behalf of each candidate: by Mr. W. J. Crossland Briggs for Mr. Boss, by Mr. A. Dannhorn for Mr. Cohen, and by Mr. Pyke (of "Mock Trial" fame) for Mr. Castang. The last speaker being attacked by a fit of nervousness, the Mayor generously came to his rescue and bade the meeting "Good night!"

The following morning the campaign was begun in grim seriousness by all three candidates. Each of the committee rooms was the scene of feverish activity. The candidates consulted with their agents and their numerous ardent supporters. Placards and posters were drafted and discussed, and artists with paint-brushes almost tumbled over one another in their eagerness to transfer the brilliant

What's in a name

Best

Original

Sensible

Sociable

Creeper

Onoxious

Horrible

Evil

Nuisance

BRITISH WIVES & SWEETHEARTS LEAGUE, LONDON.

August 1st, 1915.

Telegram

If any of you vote for the liberal suffragettes
Candidate immediate divorce proceedings will be
instituted. Pocket money stopped. No more parcels
and you disowned.

VOTE FOR BOSS.

designs or the competing war-cries to paper. There was soon a plentiful sprinkling of ribbon all over the Borough: the Conservatives having blue, the Liberals red and the Woman Suffrage party violet. The Conservatives had stretched a long white flag with the motto: "Vote for Boss and Truth, Justice, and Honour", right across the lower end of Bond Street, before most people had visited the boiler-house to get hot water for their breakfast. The Liberals plastered the upper part of the face of the boiler-house near Trafalgar Square with the striking inscription: "Vote for Cohen and Compensation", illustrated by a portrait of the candidate with his ruddy tie and ruddy rosette; whilst suspended in mid-air in front of Barrack 11 was a large stretch of red bunting bearing the further inscription; "Vote for Cohen, the Men's Candidate". The supporters of Mr. Castang hit upon the novel idea of having the pretty picture of a girl's face painted upon a white sheet, which was suspended, with an exhortation to vote for Castang, above the middle Grand Stand, so that it might be seen by all coming from the Race-course.

The first party meeting was held on Wednesday morning, on the First Grand Stand, by the Liberal candidate. Mr. Scholl was in the chair, and the meeting was honoured by the attendance of Rittmeister von Mutzenbecher. A large concourse had been attracted by the sandwich-board notice carried around by an enthusiastic darkie, and feeling rose high when the meeting began. Strange to say, Mr. Boss and his agent also attended this Liberal meeting — a peculiar departure from political procedure, yet a tribute to the Liberal candidate. After rousing speeches interrupted by Tory cries, had been delivered by Messrs. Russell, Reynolds, Wechsler, and Fraenkel, Mr. Cohen rose to explain in detail the principal points in his programme.

He reminded the meeting of the English economist who had said that if everybody in the British Isles did half-an-hour's work a day, all the needs of the country would be supplied. He did not agree with that statement: he thought that at least 4 hours a day were necessary. They would then have ample time to indulge in mental and physical recreation. Mr. Cohen went on to sketch how beer could be brought free into every household, whereupon some of the young Tory bloods started the melody "There was a cow, &c."

The most exciting event that took place in the course of the whole campaign was the open-air meeting on Wednesday night. Mr. Boss had advertised that he would speak at half-past six in front of his residence, Barrack 2, but as that pitch was not very attractive he spoke outside Barrack 12 as long



If you vote for us
you will not be

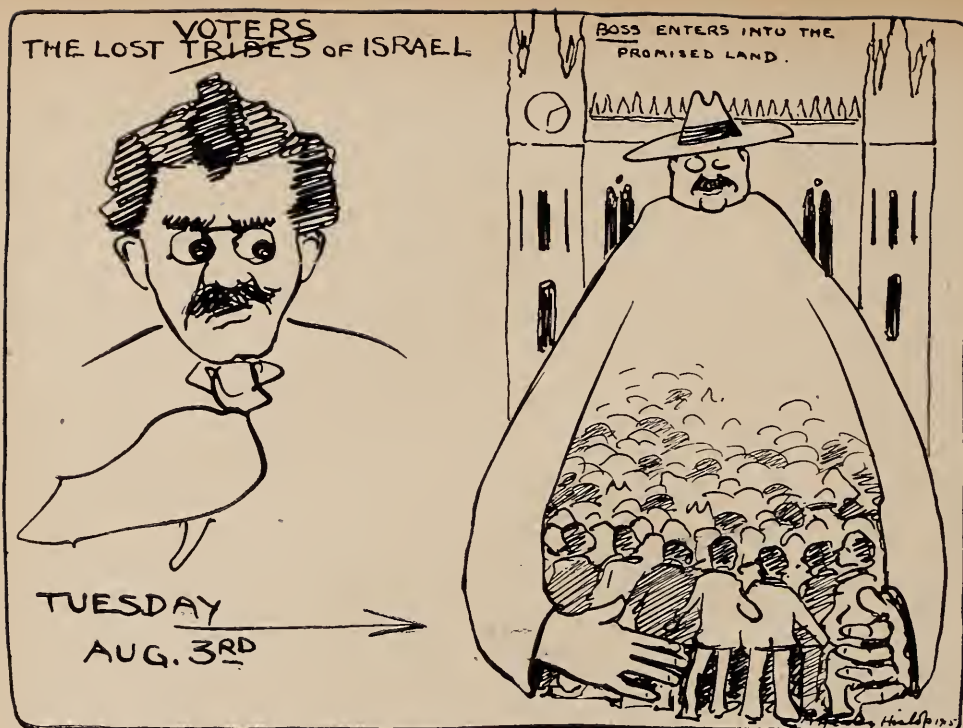
BOSSED

The Conservatives
will Boss you and the
Suffragettes will Poss
them.

VOTE FOR COHEN

They have GEESE,
but no propaGANDA

as a critical crowd would allow him. Mr. Cohen had announced that his meeting would take place near the old Pond Stores at seven o'clock. Fortunately there was no lake there that night, so that over a thousand people, with ribbons of different colours, assembled on the spot. Mr. A. C. Ford opened the meeting by extending a hearty welcome to all present, but scarcely had he finished his first sentence when the cart with the Liberal Candidate was propelled forward and he and his supporters were taken for an involuntary quick ride up Bond Street, through Trafalgar Square, and back to the big space between Barracks 2 and 12. Here the chariot was at last allowed to rest; again the crowd, which



had meanwhile increased, closed round; and Mr. Ford resumed his interrupted speech. He was followed by Mr. Leigh Henry, who delivered convincing arguments why the electors should vote for Mr. Cohen. Mr. Reynolds informed the assembly that Mr. Cohen, if elected, would reduce the hour to twenty minutes, a reform that should appeal particularly to those afflicted with seventy-two hours.

And then, amid the swelling excitement, Mr. Cohen stepped forward to speak, and drew a glowing picture of the Borough as it would be after he had remodelled it. His electric railway would be much superior to that of Mr. Boss, as everybody would be provided with upbolstered arm-chairs and be given the latest latest number of the "Times" and a drink free. The incredulous crowd began singing "There was a cow," &c., to which Mr. Cohen beat time. He then thanked the choristers for their musical ovation.

Meanwhile Mr. Boss had also had an uncomfortable quarter-of-an-hour, as he and his supporters, after being pelted with paper and dust were rushed off the barrels upon which they had taken up their position, and from which they intended addressing the crowd. Mr. Castang was also brought by his supporters into the seething throng and likewise given a ride, which almost made him regret having consented to stand as a candidate, for hostile hands pulled at each leg of his trousers in an opposite direction. Fortunately no bones were broken; no eyes were bruised; and each of the candidates got home safely.

a message from Home:



Dear Mr. Cohen,
My heartiest Wishes for Your Success!!



On Thursday evening a novel procession started out from the Liberal Committee Room. It was led by the agent, Mr. Dannhorn, who through a megaphone, called upon the inhabitants to roll up in their thousands to the Liberal meeting. Then came a musician playing upon a trombone "See the conquering hero comes", and next came the Liberal candidate seated in his palanquin (which ordinarily did duty as a Barrack bread-box), which was borne by four stalwart supporters. Behind trooped the faithful followers of the Liberal cause, who formed quite a host by the time the procession reached the Grand Stand and Mr. Cohen stepped out of his novel vehicle.

Mr. Ford again took the chair, and scarcely had be opened the proceedings when Mr. Boss, attended by his faithful satellites, appeared upon the scene. Mr. Rutland paid a tribute to Mr. Cohen's Liberal principles, and was followed by Mr. Rushworth, who grew eloquent on the subject of free beer on tap at the table. The latter speaker also warned the electors against voting for the introduction of women, which might cause them embarrassment (Cheers).

BOSS

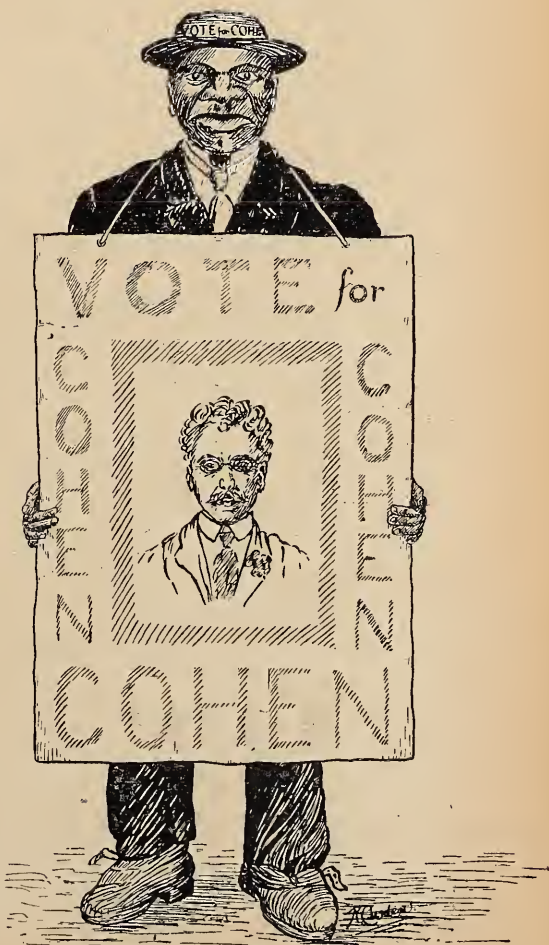
is climbing up the same tree as the cow.

He can't get down for splinters!

VOTE FOR CASTANG.

Mr. Cohen stated that as he had expressed scepticism about Mr. Boss's estate in Surrey, the Tory Candidate had promised — or threatened? — that he would ship over the whole of his estate to this Borough ("Hear, hear" from Conservatives). Now they knew very well the size of the largest consignment that could come from England: it was no bigger than an average parcel handed out round the corner. What would the supporters of Mr. Boss think, if, instead of a cow and fruit-trees, they were simply given a small share of a box of broken biscuits? (Laughter).

After the Liberal Candidate had retired, Mr. Boss began to address the meeting, but allowed some of the unruly spirits to let off steam before saying anything serious. He informed the gathering that his ancestors had come over with William the Conqueror, and had lent the Government 14/9 in money of those days. The debt was not repaid for several hundred years, and the compound interest, amounting to 4 millions sterling, had been paid to his father. The latter had spent 2 millions and left him the other 2 millions, which he had placed at the disposal of the Government ("There was a Cow", &c., with full musical honours). He assured them that champagne would cost only 9½ d a bottle, less 45% discount. Orders for the canteen would be collected and delivered daily. He presented the lake to Mr. Cohen to enable him to water his beer. He promised to give them all £ 5 a week until they received their money from the Government ("We want something down!"). As for the electric railway he promised them, his friend, Lord Rothschild, would turn the first sod (Cries of When?). To his Irish supporters he would give a House of Parliament in Dublin. He had already given them everything in the shape of bedding, and if they stopped long enough, they would get enough feathers from his geese to fill





As I says to M^{rs}. Murphy, says I, you take my tip and
steer clear of that M^r. Castang, I says, I knows' too much
about him, says I, you **VOTE** for **COHEN**.

them. That this Borough was really a delightful habitation was proved by the fact that the emigration from it was practically nil. They really couldn't do better than throw in their lot with him and the cause of true Toryism (Cheers and booing).

The Woman Suffrage Candidate then advanced with his party, and was greeted with mingled cheers and laughter. After the noise had subsided Mr. Stafford addressed the meeting and called upon all — young and old — to vote for Castang and the girls. He said that Mr. Castang had ordered 4000 tins of canned girls to be brought into the camp (A Voice: "We want real girls!"), and as the meeting felt in a musical mood

To all Engineers
Can your machinery work
without a

BOSS?

No!

No more can the Borough
of Ruhleben

so

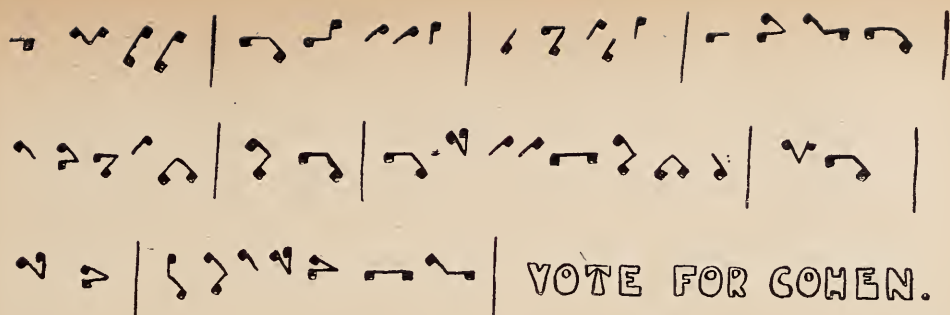
Vote for BOSS!

It's a long way to Tipperary
and that's not where

Mr. COHEN

is going, but he is going to the
House of Commons.

They must have someone to
clean the windows!



the favourite chorus from "Don't Laugh", "Girls, girls, girls", was sung together but hardly in unison.

Amid vociferous cheers Mr. Castang delivered the following oration: "Wouldn't you like to have girls, boys?" Cries of "Yes!" and "We want beer!") "Wouldn't you like to have fun, boys?" (Cries of "Yes!") "Well, then, boys, I'm going to give you girls and give you fun — hundred of girls and buckets of fun!" (Cries of "Hear, hear!" and "Rot!") "That's my ticket, boys, — girls! — and plenty of 'em. Just you stick to me and you'll be allright. Three cheers for the girls, boys, and bless their little hearts. Hooray, hooray, hooray!"

The subsequent course of the campaign was not quite as exciting as the earlier stage. The military authorities had expressed a desire that the demonstrations and noise should cease, but this desire, interpreted in Captains' language, was that meetings should cease, and so no further meeting was held until the following Tuesday night, when the result of the poll was declared in the Town Hall. The interval, however, was very busily employed by the candidates and the agents in appealing to the electorate by means of posters and placards. The walls of the big boiler-house and the wall of Barrack 12 were converted into a most amusing picture gallery, in front of which the whole Borough stood and laughed from morn till night. Not even on Sunday or Bank Holiday did the Parliamentary aspirants cease from their labours, whilst on the Fair Ground, on Bank Holiday, their distorted features were exposed to three shies a penny.

The polling took place on Tuesday, August 3rd, from 9



A WALK-OVER for COHEN.

“DON'T LAUGH”



If you don't elect me,
I shan't sing.

of the poll. The Mayor, acting as Returning-Officer, announced the figures as follows:—

Reuben Castang . . .	1220
Israel Cohen	924
Alexander Boss	471

There were, besides, 74 spoiled papers, so that in all 2689 electors, nearly two thirds of the Borough, had voted. The Mayor expressed his satisfaction at the delightful week they had all spent and offered his congratulations to the duly elected M. P. for Ruhleben. The three candidates in moving a vote of thanks to the Mayor, expressed their gratitude to their numerous supporters and especially to the poster-artists.

in the morning, in the Town Hall. The Barrack postmen kindly acted as polling officers, and biscuit-boxes with a slit in the top served as ballot-boxes. The police were also present, in case of disorderliness; but nothing more serious happened than the attempt of one or two men to record a second vote — an offence that was punished with ignominious expulsion. • At 7 o'clock the polling-booth was closed, and the polling-officers, with the biscuit-boxes in their hands, headed by the Returning-Officer and guarded by the police, marched to the “Corner House” behind Barrack 7, where the counting took place.

A large and enthusiastic crowd again filled the Town Hall in the evening, to hear the result

QUACK! QUACK!!



A typical Blue remark



"Wait till we catch him."

Æ.

T he name of the

R eally

U niversal

T houghtful

H appy

J olly

U ntiring

S miling

T ruthful

I ndividual

C reating

E normous

H urrahs

O n

N umerous

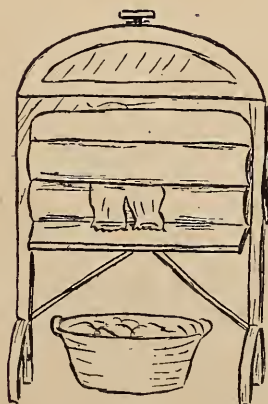
O ccasions

U ndoubtedly

R eads

BOSS!

CASTANG AT HOME



The Missus: "I'll give you girls."

ÆLUSDEN

C onscientious
O riginal
H onourable
E loquent
N atural

B ibulous
O stentatious
S lipperry
S wanker

B oils
 lains
 lists
 unions
 iliousness
 roncitis
 ed sores
 ug-bites
 elly Aches
OSS

The ten plagues of Ruhleben.

THE CANDIDATES' COMMITTEES.

CONSERVATIVE COMMITTEE.

Candidate: *ALEXANDER BOSS*

Agent:	W. J. Crossland Briggs	A. J. Keeping
	H. E. Hyde	T. E. Sullivan
	A. M. Locke Betts	B. Tapp
	G. J. Ball	

LIBERAL COMMITTEE.

Candidate: *ISRAEL COHEN*

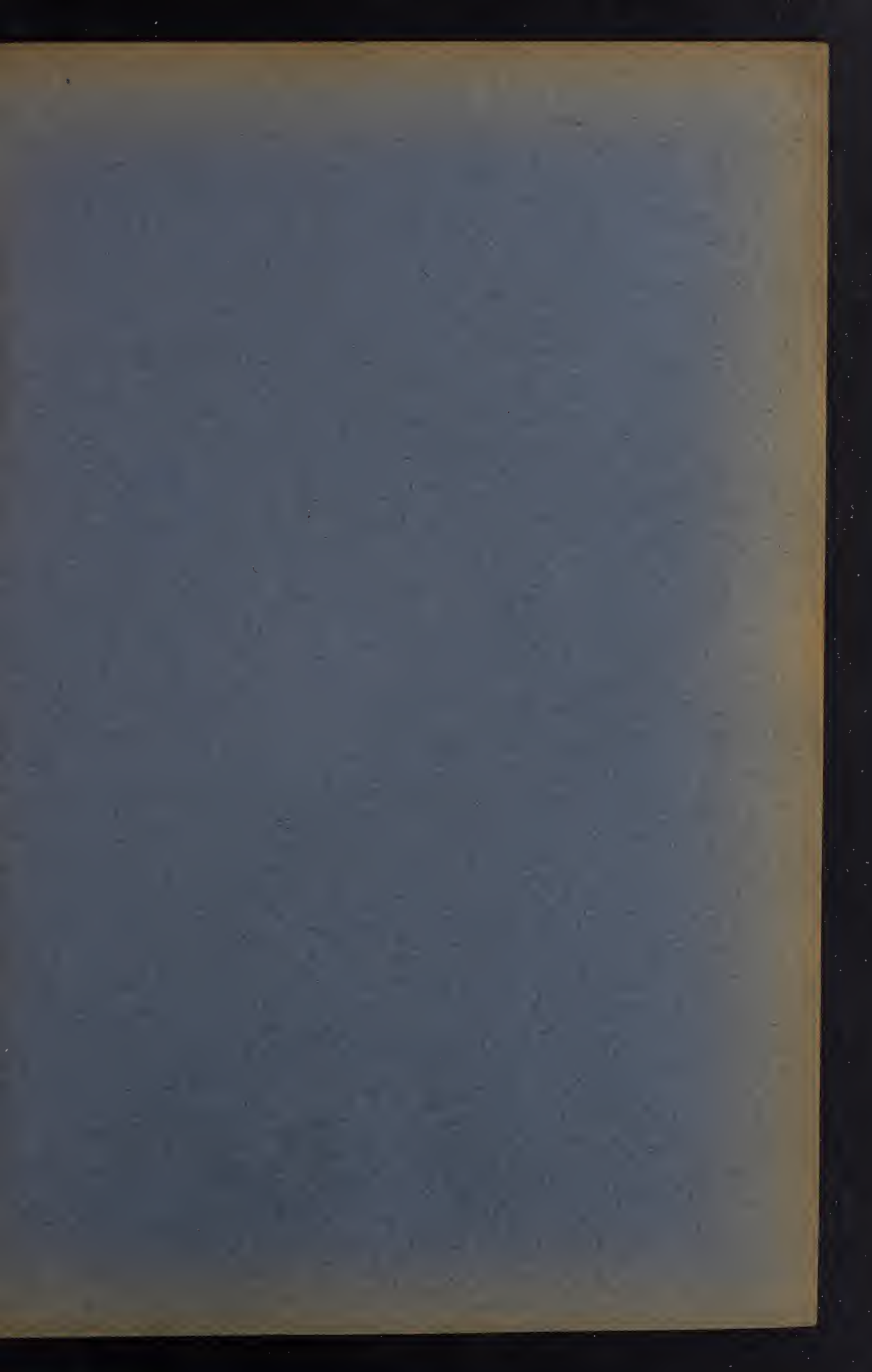
Agent:	Albert Dannhorn	G. C. Scholl
	A. C. Ford	R. Cusden
	F. C. Reynolds	A. E. Cusden
	A. Leigh Henry	I. Gourvitch

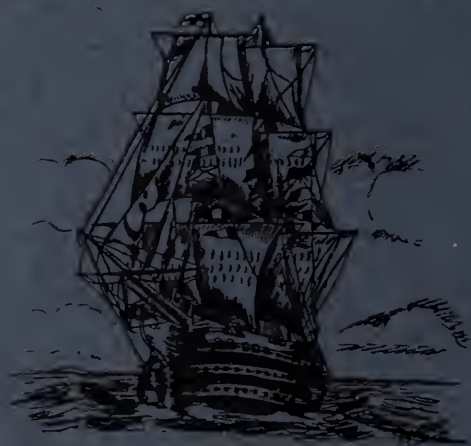
SUFFRAGETTE COMMITTEE.

Candidate: *REUBEN CASTANG*

Agent:	C. J. Pearce	A. Underwood
	P. Maurice	A. Nelson
	H. Stafford	A. Welland
	Barney Griffin	Pyke







Ruhleben expects that every man this day
will do his duty.

